

# John Henry's Two Queens

By GEORGE V. HOBART

My alleged aunts were in the office, and they looked to me like relatives of Bunch. Bunch owned the country house I had borrowed to present to Clara J. for just one day, but I hadn't been able to pay her for the use of the house. I had told Clara J. that the dame was my aunt, but she was still suspicious.

"Well!" said Clara J. after a painful pause, "why don't you go and welcome your Aunt Eliza?"

I was on the picket boat for sure, sailing! Sailing! over the griddle!

Scientists tell us that when a man is drowning every detail of his life-time passes before him in the fraction of a second.

Well, that moving picture was worked on me, without the aid of a bathing suit.

When I awoke Clara J. was saying, "Possibly it would look better if I went with you. Wait just a moment. I'll get this apron off—there! Come along!"

I awoke, and with delightful unanimity the chair arose also, clinging like a passionate porous plaster to my pantaloons.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Clara J., "that little villain, Tacks, has been making molasses candy!"

"It strikes me," I said, trying hard to be calm, "that after all, the candy he decided to make a monkey of me. Darn the blame thing, it won't let go! I suppose I've got to be a perpetual furniture mover the rest of my life!"

Just then Uncle Peter came bubbling into the kitchen, talking in short expostions like a bottle of vichy, and I collaborated with the chair in a squatty-vous!

"Two women on the piazza," he blazed; "been talking to them an hour and all I got out of them was 'yes' and 'no.' Not bad looking, but profoundly dumb."

"Hush!" said Clara J., glancing uneasily at me and then back at Uncle Peter, as she raised a warning finger to her lips.

"Oh, they can't hear me," the old gentleman went on; "John, you better go out and see them. They have a card with your name written on it. I'm no lady's man, anyhow."

"Do they look like queens?" Clara J. asked, uneasily.

"Well, they aren't exactly Cleopatras, but not bad, not bad!" he gurgled.

"Is one older than the other?" Clara J. cross-questioned.

"Might be mother and daughter," Uncle Peter fancied.

"It's surely Bunch's bunch," I groaned inwardly, wondering how I'd look galloping across the country with a kitchen chair trailing along behind.

"Uncle Peter, it must be John Henry's aunt Eliza and cousin Julia. He expects them; don't you, John?" Clara explained. "We shall be ready to welcome them in just a little while. Here she glanced cautiously at the chair. "In the mean time you show them into the spare room and say that John will see them very soon."

The old gentleman eyed me suspiciously and retired without a word. I'm afraid Uncle Peter found it hard to take.

With the kind assistance of the paring knife Clara J. removed all of me from the chair, with the exception of a few feet of trousers, and I made a quick change of costume.

A few minutes later I joined her in the parlor, where the scene was set for my finish. I picked out a quiet spot near the piano to sit.

Uncle Peter was eulogizing every minute of it.

He hurried off to escort the visitors to the parlor and a moment later my own Aunt Martha bustled in.

"Are they here?" she asked, breathlessly.

"How did you know they were coming?" inquired Clara J., in surprised tones.

"How did I know?" exclaimed Auntie; "why, I sent them!"

Every hand was against me. The parachute had failed to work and I was dropping on the rocks.

Faintly and far away I could hear the ambulance coming at a gallop.

Sweet spirits of an omnibus, but I was up against it!

It was plainly evident to me that Aunt Martha knew the awful relatives of Bunch, and that the old lady was camping on my trail. Yes; there she stood, old Aunt Nemesis, glaring at me from behind her spectacles.

I decided to die without going over near the piano.

"Where are they?" I could hear Aunt Martha asking in the same tone of voice I was certain the Roman emperor used when just about to frame up a slave for a few Christians from the Tiber.

"Uncle Peter has gone for them; we put them in the spare room," Clara J. answered.

"What in the spare room?" gasped Aunt Martha, collapsing in a chair just as Uncle Peter appeared in the doorway, looking low before the visitors, who stalked clumsily into the parlor.

For some reason or other Clara J. omitted the formality of springing forward and greeting my relatives effusively, so she simply said, "You are very welcome, Aunt Eliza and Cousin Julia!"

"Great heavens! what does this mean?" shrieked Aunt Martha. "It cannot be possible that these two women are relatives of yours, John! Why, I engaged them both in an intelligence office; one for the kitchen, the other as parlor maid!"

"Sure not!" I chirped, in joy-frightened accents, as I grasped the glorious situation. "They aren't my relatives and never were. The more I look at them the more convinced I am that there's no room for them to perch on my family tree. I disown them both. Back to the woods with the Swedish impostors!"

I win by an eyelash.

I was so happy I went over to the mantel and began to bite the brickwork.

Clara J. didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so she compromised by giggling at Uncle Peter, who sat on the piano stool whirling himself around rapidly and muttering, "any kind of exercise is good exercise."

Aunt Martha stared around the room from one to another in speechless amazement, while the two innocent causes of the trouble stood motionless, with their noses tip-toed to the ceiling.

Presently Aunt Martha broke the spell just as I was about to eat a cut-glass vase in the gladness of my heart.

"Go to the kitchen!" she said, sharply to the newcomers, whereupon they both turned in unison and looked the old lady all over. Finally they decided to discharge Aunt Martha, for the oldest member of the troupe folded her arms deviously and said, "Sure, Auntie, in any lunatic asylum I'll be after livin', bless th' saints! If yez

have a sensible moment left in your head will yez give us th' car fare back to th' city, and I'll be a blessed soul to yez, and I'll plant me foot on th' ferryboat, so it will!"

Uncle Peter checked the fiery course of the piano stool and began to make his double chin do a gurgling, whereupon the youngest of the two female impersonators handed him a glass that he drank and he started the piano stool again at the rate of forty-five revolutions per minute.

"Th' old buffalo over there showed us up th' spare room, thinkin' he was funny," she who was fated never to be our cook, went on, "and if I wasn't a daffy visitor to him, I wouldn't bug it's the weight of that chair he'd go over his head spot. Th' old goosehead, to set us down on th' porch and talk to us for an hour about th' landscape and th' atmosphere, and to ask me, a respectable lady, what kind of exercise I was partial to. It's yez's own blessing I didn't hand him a poke in th' slats, so it is!"

Uncle Peter, with palpably assumed indifference, sidled off the piano stool and faded behind the furthest window curtain, while I went up to the belting visitor and said, "Oh, you wedgelike opening had been packed with snow to his lips. 'I know,' said Smith; 'it's a pile-up.'"

"A pile-up. A band of sheep stampeded in the storm and tumbled in there, the ones behind a shovelin' the ones in front till it was full. If there was any left—and I reckon they was, for all these here seems to be smothered—they run on c'er."

We examined the great heap of dead creatures, wondering whether the man we sought had taken flight before they could move. It is a common disaster among sheep on the great ranges of the west—Adventure.

"You handed us a surprise, all right, didn't she, Uncle Peter?" I chirped in a view to laughing off the whole affair, but just then a series of startling shrieks caused us all to rush for the piazza.

At the gate we beheld a kicking, struggling mass of lingerie and bad dialect, which presently resolved itself into the forms of my temporary relatives, who were now busily engaged in macadamizing the roadway with their heads.

and to get back to work in my systematic, orderly, methodical way. It is in my regular, accustomed manner that I find my great pleasure, with my regularly recurring day of rest on Sunday. Even after that day I am glad to take up work again, and I have no use at all for holidays."

Maybe Not.

Don't be too anxious to correct a man when you hear him make a mistake; he may not want to be corrected.

other day in the week regardless of holidays. Anything that breaks in on me in this observance is disturbing. To begin with, we get up and have breakfast an hour later than usual. There's an hour lost for me. And then on holidays we have dinner in the middle of the day, this being a further disruption of our usual routine, and then who can work after a hearty mid-day holiday dinner? And then, besides, the whole atmosphere of the day is changed.

"So I am glad to have the day over

Then Tacks came peeling on the scene. "I thought maybe they was female burglars, so I stretched a wire across the gate and they was in such a hurry getting away that they never noticed it till it was too late!"

Before we could remonstrate with the boy-disaster he let another whoop out of him and darted off in the direction of the barn.

That whoop brought the two wire tappers to their feet, and after they both shook their fists eagerly in our direction they started in frenzied haste for the depot.

As they scurried frantically out of our neighborhood Uncle Peter smiled blandly and murmured, "For lecturers, female reformers and all those who lead a sedentary life there's nothing like exercise!"

Putting my arm around Clara J.'s waist, I whispered, "Didn't I tell you he was one of Bunch's put-up jobs? He's jealous because I'm so happy out here with you, that's all! As for the telegram, forget it!"

"All right, John," said Clara J., "but nevertheless that same telegram gave you a busy day, didn't it?"

"It surely did, but it was only because I hated to have you worried," I answered, as she went in the house to console Aunt Martha.

I sat down in a chair, expecting every moment to have the Prince of Liars come up and congratulate me.

Humming a tune quietly to himself, Uncle Peter watched the flying squadron disappear in a bend of the road, then he sat down near me and said, "John, you're worried about something and I've a pretty fair idea what it is. This property is too big a load for you to carry, eh?"

From the depths of my heart I replied, "It certainly is."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "it surely has made a hit with me. I never struck a place I liked half as well as this. How would you like to sell it to me, then you and Clara J. could live with us, eh? Come on, now, what d'ye say?"

I sat there utterly unable to say anything.

"What did it cost you; come on, now, John?" the old fellow urged.

"Oh, about \$14,000," I whispered, picking out the first figure I could think of.

"It's worth it and more, too," he said. "I'll give you \$20,000 for it—say the word!"

"Well, if you insist!" I replied, weakly, and the next minute he danced off to write me a check.

In the tar barrel every time I opened my mouth! Hard luck was

certainly putting the wrapping paper all over me.

Well, the only thing to do now was to hustle up to town in the morning and inform Bunch that I had sold his property.

I felt sure he'd be tickled to stand still—not!

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### TRAGEDY OF THE PILE-UP

How Sheep on the Western Ranges Perish by the Hundreds During a Storm.

As we drew near the spot Smith caught my arm. "Hold on!" he said, checking his gait and coming to a stand. "What's the matter with that gal?"

"He couldn't have covered it with a canvas," answered I; "he wouldn't have had one big enough, but it looks like that."

"It sure does," said Smith, "or like it had drifted full of snow."

We pressed on again, moving cautiously within ten yards of the mouth of the little gap between the ledges. More than ever it looked as if the wedgelike opening had been packed with snow to his lips. "I know," said Smith; "it's a pile-up."

"A what?"

"A pile-up. A band of sheep stampeded in the storm and tumbled in there, the ones behind a shovelin' the ones in front till it was full. If there was any left—and I reckon they was, for all these here seems to be smothered—they run on c'er."

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As Usual.

"Are you proud of your daughter's education since she graduated?"

"Yes, but she is horribly ashamed of mine."

Didn't Worry Him.

Pat—Do you know, it is unhealthy for animals to live with you, Mike?

Mike—Sure, I never heard man ov thim complain.—Judge.

### NEW IDEA FOR STANCHIONS

Fourteen-Foot House for Animals Gives Two-Foot Manger and Two-Foot Feed Alley.

Fourteen feet is a good width for a cow stall, with stanchions four feet from the wall. This gives a two-foot manger and a two-foot alley to

pass along to place the feed, says a writer in the Missouri Valley Farmer. At 16 inches from center to center of stanchions. Out sliding bar three feet ten inches long. Nail slats between the stanchions to keep feed from falling out of manger.

### Big Money From Tested Cows

One dairyman produced \$2,000 worth of milk from 20 cows, or \$100 per cow, while a neighbor bestowed twice as much labor on 40 cows and sold only \$1,800 worth of milk, or \$45 per cow, barely paying expenses, while the first man made a profit of over \$1,000.

The University of Illinois. Yet the second man said he had no time to spend a few minutes each day weighing and testing the milk from each cow. Instead, he spent four long, weary years in raising and harvesting the crops on a 160-acre farm, and feeding and milking 40 cows to make as much profit as his neighbor did in one year with half the cows, half the land and half the labor.

### Grading Cream

The Kansas Agricultural college grades cream as follows: First grade, 30 or more per cent. of butter fat; second grade, 25 per cent. and less than 30; third grade, having less than 25 per cent. butter fat. Creameries like to get high-testing cream, say, 30 and above. They make more butter from this, as the overrun is greater.

### Weight of Milk

There are 46.4 quarts in 100 pounds of milk.

## DAIRY

### LATEST FEEDER FOR CALVES

Danish Woman Makes Improvement on Small Idea That Is Possible to Keep Clean.

Anyone familiar with the raising of calves knows the difficulties in teaching the calves to drink, writes J. H. Monrad of Denmark in *Hoard's Dairyman*.

But, having taught the calf to drink, the worry over its tendency to drink too fast remains. "Tis true, floating a little hay or straw in the milk may put a brake on this tendency, but in our, or bacteriology, wide-awake (?) days, this plan seems less attractive. In the latter part of the sixties, last century, the idea of applying the principle of the infant's feed bottle was first suggested. I believe in England (?) by Tucker, where an apparatus was sold for the purpose. It is illustrated in Sheldon's 'Dairy Farming' and consists of a solid, low cylindrical pail with a cover inserted inside several inches down; in the center of this a metal tube to which a rubber tube is attached on the under side and a rubber nipple on the upper side. Since then we have had many others, of which I mention a few. In 1903 the Swiss, a wooden test was suggested as being easier to keep clean; in 1901, Hoard's Dairyman gave

years, and that they descended from the cattle of the Frislanders who, several hundred years before Christ, inhabited the country north of the rivers Waal and the Rhine. That would seem to be far enough back.

In comparatively modern times we find importations of these cattle playing an important if not a fundamental part in the foundation of both the Shorthorn and the Ayrshire breeds, and as breeding cattle, they have been and are being used in many other parts of the world. In continental Europe these cattle and their offshoots have stamped their impress in every direction and are found in many countries, occupying greater territory, and producing more milk, butter and cheese than all the cattle of other breeds combined.

This breed has spread from its place of origin far eastward, even to Russia, where at the mouth of the River Dwina, on the edge of the Arctic circle, it is represented by a breed called Kolmogorov, which is the most highly valued in its section. South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and indeed most sections of the world where dairying is done, have substantial representations of the Holsteins, and in their purity, too. Quarantine laws appear to be responsible for their absence in any large number in England.

Under a system of advanced registry testing, through the experiment stations, which has been largely developed since 1894, the Holstein breed now has a wide foundation stock about which there is indisputable evidence of their ability at the pail, and of their progeny; and I believe that it is more satisfactory to the average investor in this breed to know, beyond question, what several generations of ancestry have done as dairy producers, than to depend on the appearance of the animal, entirely upon appearance and immediate qualities as he is obliged to do in selecting imported stock.

### Profit in Good Milk

Our farm is located just outside of town, and we sell the milk from the dairy to private customers, which brings us more profit than to make it up as butter, says a writer in the *Farm Journal*. People are beginning to appreciate good milk, and are willing to pay a better price for it than the average milk that is put on the market. The milk from my dairy sells at 8 cents a quart in Birmingham. The dairy consists of 23 purebred registered animals, with 17 cows in milk. The average test in butter fat is slightly over five per cent. during the summer months, and averages 5.7 per cent. in winter. I intend to build a new barn for my cows, where they will have the best light and ventilation, two things extremely needed for the health of all animals. When I have that I shall enlarge my herd up about 40 head.

### Ringworms on Calves

Calves are often troubled by ringworms. It is due to a vegetable parasite. The best treatment is sulphur ointment, made of powdered sulphur, lard, oil or grease. Wash the part with soap and water, and then apply the sulphur ointment.

### Feed for Milk Cows

Some dairymen believe that if the food of their cows is changed it will have a bad effect upon the milk. However, repeated scientific experiments show that changing from one feed to another, with frequent additions to the regular food, helps the milk flow.

## DAIRY NOTES

### Sorghum as an excellent feed for dairy cows

A sorghum dairy ration will increase the flow of milk.

It will pay any farmer or dairymen having more than three good cows to buy a good hand separator.

The ideal ration for the dairy cow should include a mixture of grains, or alfalfa hay and cut silage.

The cow's ration must be governed by her ability to eat, digest and assimilate her food and convert it into milk.

If conditions in and about your cow stable are bad, look out for a visit from some member of the dairy and food commission.

You cannot expect to get good flavored milk or butter if cows are kept in a filthy stable and fed on poor, unwholesome feed.

Heifers with their first calves are nervous and can be induced to give more milk only by careful and judicious treatment.

It is not advisable to return the calf to a heifer after it has been weaned. By doing so a habit is formed that will remain with the cow through life.

Ropy or stringy milk is a fermentation and should not be confused with garget. It develops after milk is drawn and is caused by bacterial growth.

Have a regular stall for each cow, put the mixed feed in the trough before opening the stable door; each one will then go into her own stall and can be handled without confusion.

Skimmed milk, used pure, fresh and warm from the separator can be turned to almost as much profit as the cream from the milk, which will greatly increase the net profits in dairying.

### Alcoholics in Cooking

In these days when total abstinence is becoming more popular, there is a renewed effort to introduce alcoholics into the kitchen. If you put the devil on the door he flies in at the window, and if you put him out of the window he dances down the chimney and sets his blue lights burning on the cook stove. Caterers consider many of their most delicate dishes incomplete without the smack of alcoholics; they hide this devil in solution in their sherbet, in their pudding sauce, in their cakes, their pies. Let temperance people be on the lookout at restaurants, hotels and so-called high-toned dinner tables.—Wives and Daughters, London, Oct.

### Temperance Bones

"There are three kinds of temperance bones," said a lecturer the other day—"wishbones, jawbones and backbone bones." The wishbones are those who, after wishing the curse and its aid heretics goodnight, but never doing a helping hand; the jawbones do much loud temperance talking, but expend little energy in pushing it along; while the backbone bones form the backbone of the movement that leads to victory."

### A Temperance Lesson

A writer in the *Arctic* gives this bit of science which is worth remembering: "Fermentation," says Liebig, "is nothing but the putrefaction of a substance containing no nitrogen," and Pasteur demonstrates that "ferments" are living things, feeding on the albuminoids, i. e., food particles, and excreting alcohol. It is unfermented wine, therefore, which has any food value, not the alcoholized.

### Abstinence in St. Petersburg

There is said to be an abstinence society in St. Petersburg with 600 members whose activity has consisted in establishing a part of the city where drinking places must abound. An incubator's asylum is also contemplated.

### Better Than Moderation

Abstinence is better than moderation, for if for no other reason because it is easier. The latter is a losing fight, the former a constant victory.

## SOME HISTORY OF HOLSTEINS

Cattle in America Are All Descendants of or Direct Importations From Holland.

The cattle called Holsteins in America are all descendants of or direct importations from Holland and nearly all of them are from the provinces of North Holland and Friesland, where are found the types most pleasing to Americans, writes Stanley Milward in the *Farmers' Review*. The antiquity of the breed is so good, that history records no period, when the shores of the North Sea and its inflowing rivers were not noted for their great black and white cattle. The Netherlands herd-book states that the pedigree of these cattle dates back over 2,000



Head of Holstein Heifer.

years, and that they descended from the cattle of the Frislanders who, several hundred years before Christ, inhabited the country north of the rivers Waal and the Rhine. That would seem to be far enough back.

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## Temperance

### PARALLEL STUDY IN HEREDITY

Most Forceful Presentation of Consequences of Strong Drink and Blessings of Temperance.

Prof. William E. Ashcraft, in an article appearing in the *Sunday School Times*, entitled "The Saloon," all of which is well worth reading, gives the following bit of interesting history:

The most forceful presentation of the consequences of drink and the blessings of a temperate life that I have seen came to my desk a few months ago in the shape of a little book giving a parallel study in heredity. Its title is "Jukes-Edwards," and the author is Dr. A. E. Winslow of Boston. The story is that of two families, the one notorious and the other noted. The one is the family of Jukes, a name given to a Hollander who came to this country and settled in the state of New York something like two centuries ago, while the other is the family of Jonathan Edwards, the great New England theologian and preacher of colonial days.

Jukes was one of those fellows such as are usually conspicuous about saloons, who got drunk on any occasion, would swear innocently and tell a dirty story in a way to make the boys laugh. He was not regarded as a good example, of course; and being thought worse to himself than to anyone else, he was held as "good-hearted," whatever that may mean. Jukes married and became the first progenitor of a family of about 1,200 persons, most of whom figured in the criminal records of New York. Some of them became thieves, some murderers, many of them paupers, and many of the women became prostitutes. The family has cost the state of New York in court trials, and for maintaining them in poorhouses, asylums, jails and penitentiaries, \$1,250,000, or over \$1,000 each.

The Edwards family, on the other hand, reached the number of about 1,400 persons. They became famous as college presidents, governors of states, judges of courts, congressmen, members of legislatures, railroad presidents, merchants, lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, farmers, etc. They filled places of usefulness and contributed to the uplift of society in every station of life. And the only degenerate of the 1,400, if he can be regarded as such, was Aaron Burr, jurist, United States senator and vice-president, who failed to reach the presidency by only one electoral vote. The Edwards family were all producers of wealth and contributors to the general uplift of society. They were the products of the beneficent influences of education and religion.

But Jukes and his family were producers of drink and its accompaniments, of the baser tendencies of a promiscuous and aimless society. They wrecked not only themselves but sapped the wealth of the public.

This parallel study of the tendencies of drink on the one hand and of education and religion on the other, which I have gone over all too briefly, has been set down in a book; but these two startling parallels are to be found in this and every other community where intoxicating liquors are sold as beverages.

### The Saloon Problem

The overwhelming magnitude of this (the saloon) problem is such that it demands the best thought of every citizen, and the best efforts of every individual to its solution. The universal perpetuity of our republic, the unceasingness of this problem is as unwise and suicidal as it would be to slumber on the brink of an active volcano. A study of our past and present history proves the truth of the above statement. The vast foreign immigration to this country, the undeniable tendency of the population to gravitate to cities, the large excess of foreigners over Americans in our cities, the rapid increase of the manufacture and consumption of alcoholic beverages, the growing political power of the saloon, are but a few of the serious and threatening factors connected with the maintenance of our national life. Surely the time has come to "cry aloud, trumpet, and lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression." Unite, educate, preach, pray, give time and money, vote—Michigan Temperance Advocate.

### Breaking It Gently

Callahan was stopped on the street by Father Clancy. The good priest's countenance took on a sad expression.

"What's this, I hear, Callahan," asked he, "about your breaking Hogan's head last night? And the two of you friends for years?"

Callahan seemed somewhat taken back. "Sure, I was compelled to do it, your reverence," he explained apologetically, "but out of consideration for that same friendliness, I broke it gently, your reverence."—Lippincott's.

### The Patient Temperance

"So you go to work in spite of the snow drifts?"

"Yes, but I don't see why the city folks should not follow the example of country people and put up a strong kick for good roads."

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.—Sir James Mackintosh.

Constipation causes and aggravates many nervous diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

How can a man come to know himself? Not by thinking, but by doing.—Goethe.

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"In that case," said the playwright, with a very low and courtly bow, "my little piece will sell 90,000 tickets."

### Seats of the Mighty

"Have you investigated those charges against Biggun yet?" asked the intimate friend.

"Not yet," answered the distinguished statesman, who was a member of the investigating committee. "All we have done is to hold an informal meeting and decide that he isn't guilty."

### Blue Monday

"Do you know why we call this day Blue Monday?"

"Maybe it's because so much blueing is used," Judge.

### What Happened

Fate—Did you call?

Opportunity—Yes, but she sent word by her servant she wasn't in.—Harper's Bazar.

### It takes more than a stinging vocabulary to make a prophet.

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